VOODOO HIGH PRIEST

Blood-Curdling Rites of an African Dealer in Black Art.

Love-Sick Maidens, Neglected or Untrue Wives and Anxious Landladies Are His Superstitions Dupes.

New York Herald, The door of a dingy little drugstore on West Thirtieth street is flanked by a sign bearing the legend, "James ntering; nor are the usual medithere. Vegetable products bearin the window, showcases and on the manufactured vegetable products. undisturbed dust on the shelves and packages you would not think the proprietor to be making a fortune in the vegetable medicine business. Yet the steady procession of customers shows that he thrives, though he protests that busi-

The uninitiated, waiting in or about this in groups of two or three, enter with anxious faces and hurry out as if desirous of escaping observation.

The visitors coming in through the store hallway alongside represent all classes-elegantly-dressed women with their maids, negresses of the lowest type, wives middle-class clerk or well-to-do mechanic and young girls of all stations All are drawn to this place for some purpose that puzzles the observer and forces the inevitable inference that the little black "doctor" is a great attrac-

ly his waking hours, for he is always on hand. Possibly he may inform a suspicious looking stranger who inquires for him that spicuously marked "private."

It does not follow that because the litvoodoo and an expert in the black art, and in his profession he prospers, for man has not yet been evolved from the superstition that is his long heritage, and all yearn to pierce the veil of the future.

AN INTRODUCTION NECESSARY. in order to get into that mysterious little back room. If the door does swing before the woman applicant she is met by a thin, slender negro, who greets her very politely Good day, lady. What can I do for you to-day?" His quick, snakelike, little he immediately ushers her into the pri-vate room, or if some one is already there

look about the store. Back of the counter and near the door can always be seen a majestic-looking black man called "The Professor." His flowing Lord Drundreary whiskers, curly gray hair, spectacles astride store is also to be seen another negro, quite black and tall, being over six feet high—young, handsome, genial and always ready to wait on the women callers.

Well, I was one of the little man's callers, and when my turn came the doctor bustled forward and said: "This way, lady, if you please," and I was ushered into the mysterious back room. It was about 12 by 15 feet in size, crowded by an upright plano, doctor's chair, two sofas, two or three chairs and a table very much the worse for usage. A dirty carpet covered the floor. The room was lighted by three pink candles. Queer looking instruments were lying on the table, and an old iron urn also stood there, with some half-burned papers in it, while a horrible odor of burning sulphur was in the air. On the wall hung twenty-seven pictures. One was a crayon of the doctor and the rest some peculiar old portraits that might have belonged to the sixteenth century. The little man himself was very talkative and, as I soon saw, half intoxicated and willing to converse freely. I was asked to tell my story and what I wished. I told the story that I had prepared.

have for several years been very much in love with a gentleman," I said, "who has promised to marry me, and as I am poor he has taken care of me and given me all the when he became cold and unkind. He now refuses me money, says that he will not marry me, and, in fact, intends to leave

"Well! weil! that is bad." answered the "but don't let that worry you. lady. We will soon fix that all right, and he shall love you better than ever and give you all to work with, even to the washing of hands the money you want, and, in fact, come completely under your control again and given out entirely if I had lived in the days

CALLING ON THE SPIRITS.

writing, which was necessary to bring back mand the tall young negro cut and pasted together a yard of newspapers about ten inches wide, and placed pen and ink before me. I noticed that the ink was red, and asked the meaning of it, and was told that the ink was to resemble blood. The doctor said that in his mother's time she made the ladies write with real blood, and though he had inherited his talent for the "black art" from his mother, he found difficulty with the blood matter, because the ladies objected to a little cut or the sight of blood. He said that the signature should be tained by simply pricking my finger with a needle. At this news my heart began to fail me, for I can't endure the sight of blood. Still, as I had begun, I was determined to go ahead. When this matter of the blood was settled I was ordered to write the following formula "We demand in the name of the great

Sovereign of the Universe that John L. Jones, of No. 121 West Lake street, New York city, or wherever he may be found, shall have no rest or peace of mind by daylight or by darkness, or for a moment of his life, until he comes completely under the control of Nellie L. Adams of No. 16 Graves street, New York city, or wherever

"We also command that John L. Jones. of No. 121 West Lake street, New York city, or wherever he may be found, shall shall have no friendly feeling for any other woman or girl than Nellie L. Adams, of No. 16 Graves street, New York city, or wherever she may be found.

"We also demand that John L. Jones, of No. 121 West Lake street, New York city, or wherever he may be found, shall immediately do all in his power to remove all obstacles which stand in the way of his ove for and marriage to Nellie L. Adams, of No. 16 Graves street, New York city, or

wherever she may be found. We furthermore demand that John L. ones, of No. 121 West-Lake street, New York city, or wherever he may be found. shall immediately marry and give plenty of money to Nellie L. Adams, of No. 16 Graves street, New York city, or wherever she may

"And to all these demands we invoke the ald of our guardian spirits to see that these demands are carried out just as here writfurthermore invoke the aid of the

chief spiritual ruler of this day and hour to see that these demands are carried out "And if these demands are not carried out just as here written we shall deprive

you of your office, bind you in chains and cast you into the bottomless pit of hell, there to remain until the last day of judgment. So may it be, so may be, so may it be. Yours truly, NELLIE L. ADAMS. 'No. 16 Graves street, New York city, or

wherever she may be. "JAMES A. BASS, No. 131 West Thirti-eth street, New York city, G. H. P." INDORSED IN BLOOD.

I was told to write this formula three times and to be very careful to keep the writing on the printed words of the newspaper. I was also given a needle, and told to make seven spots of blood beside my name, which was to be written in blood. With throbbing heart I obeyed, and I must confess that after the writing of so many horrifying words and becoming nervous at

During all of this writing my feet were

"Lady, you will be haif hoodooed yourself by the time you get out of here," I was almost inclined to believe him. I copied the formula three times, signing my name in blood at the end of each copy or, rather, what was supposed to be my signed the paper, giving the street and number, and also placing the letters, "G. H. beside the signature. I asked what the letters stood for and he said "Grand High

He then took a large iron seal that came down with a terrible thump and struck on the manuscript three times, stopped a second, then three more, stopped again, and then three more times. During this operation he was rolling his eyes and mut-tering to himself. He then sprinkled the paper with a light brown powder. I asked him what it was and he answered: phur and sweet smelling herbs." He then informed me that the spirits were very of anything that smelled sweet and After this he folded the paper, rected it to the chief spiritual ruler of this day and hour, and also wrote on it "G. H placed it in the iron urn before men el, sprinkled some more powder on i and set the whole on fire. So my handwriting, precious blood and their visible work were soon in flames and the room filled with a stifling smoke.

The little Doctor continued to add more powder and looked intently at the burn-ing mass. I asked what he was looking for, and he answered: "When you hear something in the fire crack and snap, then the spirits have found your gentleman, and immediately they will begin work on him. You will soon see him." After a pause, and with a satisfied air he contin-"There! Now they have him. It's little rest the gentleman will meet now. We never fall when a lady shows such earnestness as yours.

The little man then placed a dish on th table and told me to held my hands to-gether over it, which I did. He then poured over them a red fluid. I asked him what that was. He said, "It is only red water made to represent blood, and you are supposed to wash your hands in it." shuddered, but kept on. He told me no to take my hands apart until I had rubbed them quite dry, and to continually repeat while rubbing them "I demand that John Jones, of 121 West Lake street, or wherever he may be found

shall immediately become my husband and love and protect me evermore." HE HAS MANY CUSTOMERS. I repeated what I was told, and poor John Jones's ears must have tingled, who ever he is, and wherever he may be. The "doctor's" business hours are evident- asked what I must pay for all this. He said that his price was \$25, but that some ladies had given him \$100 and \$200, they were so grateful for the assistance that he

> "Do the ladies that come to you all want sweethearts and husbands back?" He laughed and said: "Oh, no, lady; have customers of all kinds. Some landladies who cannot obtain boarders enough come to me, and I help them. Ladies who want their husbands to give them more

desire their business to increase. upon whom the spell is to be worked. He makes an image of red flannel and stuffs it (supposedly) with the writing, perfumed powder and other things and tells you to take it home and hang it in a chimney or in some equally hot place. We are supposed to make things hot for our lover

He will also ask for a photograph of your lover, which he keeps over night, and is supposed to work a spell upon it. Then he gives it back and tells you to stand it head down over a glass of water in a dark place, and each day fill the glass. If it be that your sweetheart is in the city where the Doctor can see him that will help to work the charm, as he is supposed to control him better in that way. I asked the Doctor if he could make people rent my rooms, as I kept a furnished when I reached home to take some hot coals in a shovel and go in the room that I wished to rent and pour some of the powa day. He vowed that my rooms would be rented before the week was out. I told the Doctor that I did not have much money with me, and would not like to pay \$25 until I had seen some signs of my sweetheart coming back to me. "Quite right, lady; pay any time that you

GOOD LUCK CHARMS. He then said that he had some good luck him that he could prepare one and that would take it the next time I came. He advised me to come twice a week, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and do all of the writing over again, even to the blood part. I promised to be there at the appointed time and told him that \$2 was all that I had with

When I asked him if all who came there had to do as I had done he said that some cases were very much easier for him to as mine did, but that he never failed. He further said that if my gentleman was not brought back to me before a month had passed I could give him \$20 and he would go to Long Island, where three other doctors of the black art were. They would all work together, and it was impossible for them to fail, as they had more space and inherited his wonderful power, was an old Indian medicine woman, who could work the spirits to please herself, and that while living she always insisted upon real blood of the doctor's mother.

The little man showed me many tokens of gratitude given him by his lady customers. Upon the mantel stood some handsome French china plates, a beautiful plush tablecloth was on the table and a large unframed painting, that really looked out of place in the dingy room, was on the

the Doctor's person was a handcrocheted necktie of white silk, bearing a diamond pin. Likely some fair hand made that necktie. Many tidies and lambrequins of macrame work hung upon chairs and shelves, all showing woman's work. On the piono stood a full-length portrait of the Doctor in Masonic uniform. The little Doctor is quite tasty in his

dress, and more neat in appearance than the average negro. His wife, who is seldom seen, is white and very handsome. She does not appear to be more than twentyfour years of age. I wonder if he secured her as his wife through the power of his

in the little private room, I had a good opportunity to notice, with some care, the details of which I have spoken, and also took occasion to examine the Doctor's new shiny silk hat, which bore the name of a well-known hatter, who has some influence in setting the styles. I bade the little man good-bye and reached the fresh air after coming from a narrow

hall that was approached by a side door in the private room. As I reached the riage at the corner, and, impelled by curiosity. I watched to see where she I heard her say to the coach-"Be back here in an hour." Following her with my eyes, while pretending to wait for a car, I saw her enter the little drug store, evidently another caller on the little doctor.

The Sympathy of the Audience.

Somebody asked Miss Benfey, the parlor reader, who had just finished a winter's work in this city and gone to California for a long tour, how she found her fashionable audiences in the matter of appreciation. "The average fashionable audience," she "is very sympathetic and easy to read to; the exceptional is politely cold and hypocritical, and like a stone wall to the reader. A person who has never tested an audience," she went on, "can have no idea of the difference it makes to a perform-er what the response is. One of my best patrons, a wealthy and well-known society woman, has me frequently to read at her house privately. I find on such occasions herself and one or two other women, never more than three, in full evening dress, awaiting me. They are all intelligent, cultivated women, but those evenings exhaust me more than any other work I do. I cannot seem to move my hearers. It is not the want of sympathy of numbers, for I read one evening to an actress alone, and she cried, and laughed and fluttered in response to every emotion of the sentences. I do not know what it is, but it is there. Another hard reading is that I undertake

"Some of the most interesting work I have had this season has been in the public school course managed by the Hon. Seth Low and Felix Adler. Over in Seventieth street and First avenue I read one evening to an audience mainly of the parents of the school children. I used the Tale of Two Cities.' There was little applause, except for the peasant scene, but they followed me closely, swaying in their chairs and answering the fine passages with their eyes. Another of these audiences, mostly boys, showed the power of George Ellot. They understood Adam Bede without knowing why. And here, by the way, is a curious bit about Professor Oliver, the mathematician of Cornell. He chanced to be one of my of Cornell. He chanced to be one of my nearers at a reading not long ago, and I noticed that he led every laugh. I wondered whether it was a scientific fact that

IS DR. LE CARON DEAD?

The Great British Spy Believed by Some to Be Shamming.

His Remarkable Story by an Eyewitness to His Appearance Before the Parnell Commission.

Chicago Mail.

The death of Henri Le Caron, in his home near London, yesterday, puts the finishing touch to a very romantic career, and the news will be read with much interest throughout Chicago, where Le Caron was

very well known. The Parnell commission, which was sitting for the trial of the Times newspaper upon its charges against Mr. Parnell, reached one of its most exciting climaxes when Le Caron went upon the stand and told his amazing story of the work done by the British government among the Irish secret societies. A Chicago newspaper man who saw Le Caron on the stand while he was giving his evidence says of his appear-

"I was in Dublin during the winter of 1888-89, and, like everybody else, took a great interest in the Parnell commission. The clubs were full of rumors about the startling American evidence that was to be given, and the secret service of both the government and the Irish Nationalists were straining every nerve to find out what the other side was doing. By a very neat coup, in which a clerk in the postal telegraph office at Cork and the subeditor of United Ireland were concerned, an American cipher cable to Scotland Yard was copied out and given to the defendants some three or four days before Le Caron took the stand. It was a very blind cipher, apparently, and Irish ingenuity was almost wasted upon it until, by a lucky guess, made, I believe, by Timothy Healy, a partial translation was made, and it was thus learned that a Chicago doctor, whose name so far as it could be made out or guessed at, was 'Dr. L. Curren,' was the witness who was to smash

"Being the only Chicagoan in reach I was asked if I knew the man. Of course, I remembered no such person. There was an old Chicago directory about six years old got from a local library, but no 'D. Curren' figured in it. Finally I was asked, I think by either Dr. Kenny or Mr. Kettel, to go over to London and take a look at the man, and I started that night. All this, of course, stand, and I have always thought it was a magnificent piece of deciphering to get 'Dr. L. Curren,' instead of 'Dr. Le Caron,' out of the blind tangle of letters in that crypto-

the papers the full story of the spy's first statement, with his name correctly spelled and his story well begun. I knew at once a good deal about him, because I was familiar with the Clark and Oak street neighborhood, and when I saw him, as I did the next morning, I remembered very well having met him in Barlingham's drug

LE CARON AN IDEAL WITNESS. "He was simply an ideal witness on the stand. Cool, collected, grave, but never hesitating and never flurrled, he told the story of his twenty-five years' life as a spy-with the most absolute unconsciousness, apparently, that anyone could disapprove the work or criticise the man. The notable characters. Parnell, his hair, as usual, unkempt and his beard awry, sat near Sir Charles Russell, burning those wonderful eyes of his into the witness. Davitt tore up pieces of paper nervously as the story went on. Healy was there, looktold, John Dillon leaned back in his chair angled into unaccustomed contiguity with itself, and every man intently listened as the smooth story rolled on and on and the stenographers with flying pencils struggled to keep up with the speaker

"And what a story it was Le Caron swore to. His name was not Le Caron but Beach. He had betrayed the Fenians to Canada and the Clan-na-Gael to England. He had been the Judas Iscariot at every the habit of lying that it echoed in his tones as he told his story. For instance, when he referred to the failure of the dynamite boat that the order had built with war no man, no Pecksniff alive, could have into his voice that Le Caron as he admitted that the boat was 'a sad failure-a

very sad failure.' "But his story everybody knows. His personal equation is where the chief interest is awakened. He was not a large man flery, alert. His skin was sallow, his forehead polished. His hair was scanty. Perhaps it was part of the saturation of the role he had played so long, but he was most painstakingly and carefully French. His shrugs, the quick, nervous gesticulafingers were all Gallic, even if they were theatrical properties. He was a magnifi-cent actor and he kept on playing his part unconsciously long after he had thrown away the mask.

to the few Americans who secured admittance into the court was the bronze Grand Army button, which he wore on his lapel throughout the hearing, and which was never before so ostentatiously a part of the furnishings of a traitor.

PARNELL'S ESTIMATE OF HIM. "I met Mr. Parnell shortly after Le Caron had left the stand, and asked him what he thought of the spy. He said: 'Le Caron is a very remarkable man-the most remarkable man Chicago has ever sent us. He is a liar, of course. Some of his testimony, indeed, the most important part of his testimony, is just plain lying; but he has told truth enough to convine me that there is much behind what he says. I am absolutely unable to remember having seen him before, and I do not think I would forget a man like him, but Dr. Kenny tells me that he did entertain him in Dubiin, and that I met him "John Dillon took almost the same ground. He said to me: Your Chicago doctor is one of the cleverest, coolest, pluckiest scoundrels I have ever seen. As a work of art his testimony is better than It is falsehood and truth, truth and falsehood, and while I believe that we will un-tangle the truth from the lies he has set

"'Do you think,' I asked Mr. Dillon, 'that the man is in any personal danger?'
"'Not a bit. He is not an Irish informer. I don't think it would be wise for him to go back to Chicago, but he might live in Dublin or Cork for the rest of his natural life and not a hair of his head would ever

is very serious."

us a task which it would be idle to deny

"This was not Le Caron's own idea, how-ever, for immediately after his evidence was taken he disappeared. He believed that his life was forfeit and that only by the most complete secrecy could he continue to live. He changed his name and altered his appearance, even, it is said, going so far as to have his face treated with chemicals, that he might not be known. He traveled in Asia and Africa and on the continent, avoid-ing Paris and the other cities where Americans are usually found, doubling upon his track, and going to infinite trouble to evade pursuit, which was never directed against him. One of the leading officers of the Clan-na-Gael three years ago told me that Le Caron's postoffice address was known to the society and had been known for a year, and the only use that had been made of the information was a letter written to him to tell him what some old friends of his in Chicago thought about him. "The news of his death has, of course, been a surprise in Irish circles in this city, and there seems to be a disposition on the

part of some of the best posted men to discredit it. 'It is a ruse, merely,' said one of these. 'Le Caron is not dead, but he is almost frantic under the idea that the United Brotherhood is following him. If he were very sick, or if he were dead, you may de-pend upon it the fact would be known in Chicago as soon as in London. A body supposed to be that of Major Le Caron was buried to-day in Norwood Cem-etery. The registrar of deaths ridicules the idea that Le Caron is not dead, and that he is on his way to some distant colony,

A Pedestrian Club.

New York Commercial Advertiser. Several members of the Anti-sedentary Club have resigned because the young ladies to whom they are engaged declared they could see no humor, profit or honor in walking so many miles a day and perspiron a human skuli, and besides this my chair was over a naked sword. I was really so terrified that when the little man said, know."

the mind of a mathematician moved more says he walks twenty or thirty miles a day courtesy forbids that it should be ques-

tioned or doubted. The result is some of the members walk forty and fifty miles a day. It is a club where the pleasures of imagination can be enjoyed in a high de-gree and records made.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

Sentiment of Governors and Congressmen on Government Ownership, Etc.

BOSTON, April 7.- The Traveller, of this city, which has been an earnest advocate of the buying of the Nicaragua canal, recently sent out letters to Governors of various States and the most prominent members of Congress asking their opinions as to the value of the capal to this country and whether or not the government should construct and control the water-way. Answers have been received from thirty-one Governors and forty members of Congress, and are printed to-day. The Governors of the Southern States, without exception, either favor the government building and owning the canal outright or extending aid to whatever corporation builds it.

Governor Waite, of Colorado, says: "The United States government, in conjunction with the Central American republics, should build this canal at national expense." Gov. McGraw, of Washington, believes that the United States should construct, own and operate the canal. Governor Hogg, of Texas, takes very pronounced grounds against the United States fostering such an enterprise while under private control. He says "This government should prohibit foreign o private interference with that canal an should construct, own and operate it he self." Governor Lewelling, of Kansas, de clares that it would be desirable that the United States should own and operate canal as the exclusive property of Representatives Bynum of Indiana, Wash ington of Tennessee, Kilgore, Bell and Ab

bott of Texas, declare themselves heartily in favor of the construction, but say they would not vote for any measure which would oledge the United States to guarantee th bonds of any private corporation. Senators Stockbridge and McMillin of Michigan, Perkins of California, Dolph and Mitchell, of Oregon, Morgan of Alabama, Frye of Maine and Representatives Henderson of Iowa, Burrows of Michigan, Storer, of Ohio, Van Vorhis of New York, Doolittle of Washington and a number of others in both political parties, say they are in favor and will vote for such a bill as that proposed by Senator Morgan.

Hard Lines. London Daily Telegraph. "Think of a man doing time for picking a pocket that the lady hadn't got!" said John Delappe, in a tone of intense disgust, as he received a sentence of six months' labor. At Victoria Station he lected the alleged pocket of a lady as his prey, and followed its supposed propriedown upon the booty, and just as he found out that the lady's dress contained no pocket at all a railway constable, who had watched his movements, swooped down upon him and took him into custody.

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SUITS—just received—most desirable patterns, seams sewed with silk—buttons on to stay—real value \$5, \$6 and \$7—for

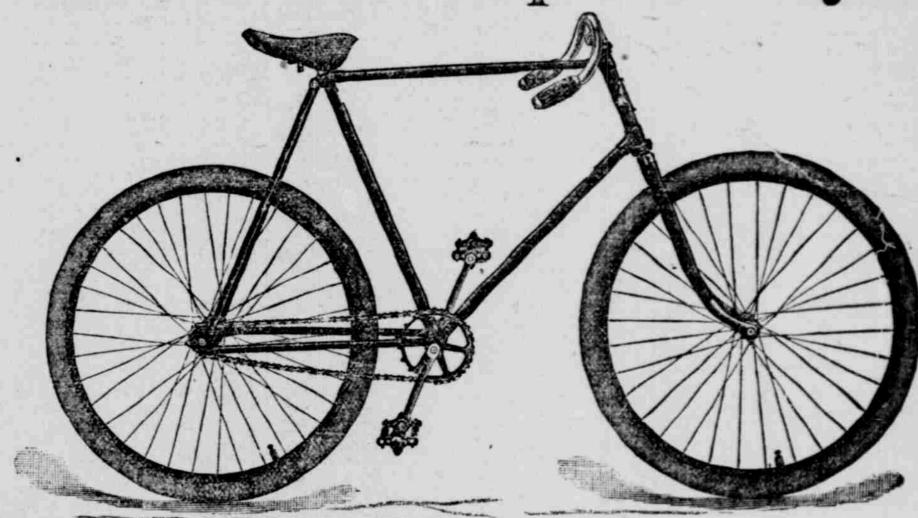
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